OR, THE

Unhappy Conqueror.

A

PLAY,

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Mr Hildebrand Worden

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Rhodes*, in *Fleet-street*, *Richard Parker*, at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Sam. Briscoe*, the Cornet-Shop of *Charles-street*, in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*, 1696.

Fatal Mistake: Or, the *Plot Spoil'd*. A Play. Written by Mr. *Joseph Haines*.

The Unhappy Conqueror.

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LONDON:

To the Honourable

Sir JOHN SMITH Baronet,

And One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Chamber.

SIR,

THIS Play was given to my Care by a Friend: I promis'd him not to neglect it in the Difficulties it was to pass through. It has had hitherto but an unpleasant Journey; and I knew no better way to make it Amends, than by taking up its Rest with you; where I am assur'd its Reception will be the best a truly Noble and Generous Soul can give.

I beg not your Protection, Sir, from those wide-mouth'd Curs, the Critcks: But since they have had their Ends in running it down, 'tis under the Shelter of your Name I desire a poor maim'd Thing, that did its best to shew them Sport, may lye secure from farther Danger.

It has been long a receiv'd Maxim, That to support the Oppressed, is no less commendable,

than to lead the Victor Captive. This Consideration, Sir, with the General good Character the too often detracting World allows you, has encourag'd me (I will not say to trouble you, since doing Good is your Diversion) but still to rely upon your unwearied Generosity.

Both my self, and my Friend, the Author of this Unsuccessful Piece, as we cannot pretend to justifie its Defects, so, if it were in our Power, we shou'd not choose to do it in a way so Publick, least by an impolitick Defence of its Merit, we should lessen the Greatness of your condescending good Nature, in Protecting so mean a Trifle.

I have but one Reason to wish it had been better; which is, That its Merit might then, perhaps, have given me a larger Opportunity of Publishing that Respect and Observant Zeal, wherewith I am

March 14. 169.

Your most Oblig'd

and Humble Servant,

H. Horden.

PROLOGUE.

Writ and Spoke by Mr. *Horden.*

As idle Beggars, when they'd Pity move,
With borrow'd Baſtard at their Backs do rove,
T'incite good Chriſtians Charity and Love,
So I, that I might have a fair Pretence
To feed (what ſome Fools call Extravagance)
Have begg'd this ſpurious Play from Hands unknown:
I have engag'd the honeſt Rakes o'th' Town,
That they will all eſpouſe it as their own.
But ere 'tis tried, let me its Cudgels chooſe;
I firſt except all Writers for the other Houſe,
All good Authors, and—no, I'll truſt the Beaux
For it's ſo free from Wit they've no Pretenſions
To damn one Line for want of Apprehenſion.
Beſides, each Beau's a Friend; for if it miſs,
He'll not diſturb his ſolemn Face to hiſs.
And good or bad, the Ladies ſure will ſpare
The generous Poet, for the labouring Player.
And now your Smiles a double Kindneſs hold,
The Poet ſhares the Praiſes, I the Gold.
Guineas, they ſay, in low condition be,
Pray Heav'n they're low enough to fall to me.
Yet you who've kept 'em by you, don't repent ye,
My Guinea Box takes all at Nine and twenty.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Motteux*: Spoken by Mr. *Haynes*, Acting the Mad-Man.

OUR Poet made me mad, and I dare say,
You're all as mad, if you don't like his Play.
Some are Horn-mads, and some are Bible mad;
Some mad to write damn'd Plays, and that's damn'd bad.
In short, 'tis a mad World; for now I spy
A Hundred here, at least, as mad as I.
Thick Plot, thin House, I can't forbear to cry.
This Fasting time is like to mortifie us;
Three times a Week, at least, you'll not come nigh us.
Pray do by t'other House, as you do by us.
'Twas Pride not as Hell
Taught 'em first to rebell. [*Sings.*
I'll sing no more; I caught this Hoarseness, I'm afraid,
Dancing at Drapers-Hall *last Maquerade.*
Silence in the Court there. Here, Plaintiff, give me Fee,
I have a Quirk——Defendant, don't agree.
Each take a Shell, the Oyster is for me.
What makes that Judge there sleep upon the Bench?
See that Spark yonder Ogle th' Orange-Wench.
What think you of the Invasion by the French?
What's here? on every Woman's Head I spy [Starts.
The Whore of Babylon's *Mitred dress three Stories high.*
See, see, she's here! see 'tis the very same,
Her Face a Picture, her Commode the Frame.

What

What long-curl'd Main that pouder'd Thing annoys!
All you patch'd Maidens, and old bearded Boys, [Sings, throws off his Perriwig, &c.
Off, off, off, with these vain fantastick Toys.
Abstain from Vanities, and vicious Ways,
Among the Congregation spend your Days. [Cants.
Young Women, shun all Sports, but our Religious Plays.
I say, abstain from Flesh —— if ere you can;
And ogle none —— except the precious Man.
Don't pelt wild Fellows with fond Billets-Doux:
Leave chatting at York-Building *Interviews,*
Nor stoop to peep into the Choc'late House.
Talk not of Beaux upon your visiting Day,
Nor borrow of 'em when you lose at Play,
Then never pay 'em, but the wicked Way.
Have no Intrigues; Shun Taverns, and Debauches;
Drink your Tea hot, and leave off Hackney-Coaches.
Fast, not in Lent: *I say Affliction's good.*
* *Affliction's a Horse-Leach, a Flail, a Flageolet, a Flood:*
Hark you, Kid Horden, *the first He that hisses,*
(For the She's are our Friends, at least the Misses)
Challenge him, fight him, kill him, thus, sah, bah!
But that's the way to be truss'd up you'll say.
Pshaw, are Physicians hang'd that kill Folks every Day?
Let all be kind then. But stay, I'd forgot,
I think this Horden's *guilty of a Plot.*
This Play's a Plot on you —— But yet I'm thinking,
'Tis but to get Recruits for honest Drinking.
If that Plot takes, I ha'n't been mad in vain;
Your Smiles can bring me to my Sence again.

* Here Mr. *Hains* made several pleasant Digressions, too long to be inserted; and to make place for 'em, omitted some Lines of this Epilogue.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Phraates, King of *Parthia*.	Mr. *Powell*.
Artaban, his General.	Mr. *Horden*.
Memnon, } Two *Parthian* Lords.	Mr. *Dizney*.
Castillio, }	Mr. *Mills*.
Lysander.	Mr. *Hill*.
Tygranes, King of *Media*.	Mr.
Castillio, *Jun*.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Bretton.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Lycastes.	Mr. *Harland*.
	Mr. *Simpson*.

WOMEN.

Thermusa, Queen of *Parthia*.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Alinda, Daughter to *Phraates*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Eudora, Confident to the Queen.	Mrs. *Powell*.
Emilia, Confident to *Alinda*.	Mrs. *Mills*.
Ariena, Niece to *Bretton*.	Mrs. *Temple*.
Amadine, Daughter to *Bretton*.	Mrs. *Cross*.

Singers, Guards, and Attendants.

The SCENE, the Capitol City of *Parthia*.

THE

THE Neglected Virtue, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bretton, *followed by* Curio.

Curio. INdeed, my Lord, you are too rugged to her.

Bret. Pray, Sir, hold your peace.

Cur. So ſweet a Child as ſhe is, ſuch a Mirrour of Beauty.

Bret. A Mirrour of Folly, is ſhe not?

Cur. How can you be angry with her? How can any Wind blow rough upon a Bloſſom ſo fair and tender?

Bret. Look ye, Couſin, all this is but prating; I'll make her ſee with my Eyes, hear with my Ears, talk with my Tongue, and taſte with my Pallate: I begot her, bred her, and I will make her,

Cur. —A Whore, if you marry her againſt her Inclination.

Bret. Why, is it not a Man I wiſh her too? a young Man? a handſom Man? a rich Man?

Cur. —And a wiſe Man?

Bret. No, no; as for Wiſdom, we'll let that alone: Beſides, none but Fools and Madmen marry now a-days, unleſs here and there a young Brother, or a broken Gameſter, that ties up with ſome old rich Widow, to prop up his falling Fortunes.

Cur. But, Sir, ſhe is tender yet.

Bret. Prythee hold thy Peace—She can endure the Hammer, and why not the Workman that ſtrikes deepeſt? She's fourteen, and if ſhe is not ready now for rutting.——

Cur. But will you allow no liberty for chooſing?

Bret. Why, I believe the Devil's in the Fellow. Doſt thou think, I that have lived a Courtier to the age of ſixty and upward, don't know better how to chooſe than a little piſs-tal'd Girl, that has not yet waſh'd her Mother's Milk off of her Chaps. But I know the reaſon of her Coyneſs; there's another in the Wind that hovers over her, a young ſmock-fac'd Rogue, not worth a Shilling; and yet ſhe's too young. Couſin, let me tell you, Inclination is a great ripener of a young female Flower.

Enter Amadine, *and* Arienn.

See, ſee, here ſhe comes, with her wanton Inſtructor: I find I muſt rid my Houſe of that Baggage, or there can never be any Peace in *Iſrael*. So, good morrow to you; nay, that's as you deſerve too: You know my Mind, therefore let me ſee you ſtudy to deſerve it.

Am. I ſhall endeavour to obey you. But, noble Sir——

Bret. Hold your Peace, you little Ferret you, let me have none of your ſet Phraſes.

Ari. Ud'ſlife don't be Tongue-tide, Couſin. Hark'ee, you piece of dry'd Mummy.

Am. Nay, give him good Language, Couſin.

Ari. give him Rats-bane. Hark'ee, old Sixty-odd, do you with that Whey Beard think your ſelf at years of diſcretion to diſpoſe of a young briſk Maidenhead, a ſhe-ſkin'd piece of Parchment, fit for no uſe but to have his Skin flea'd off, to engroſs his cheating Mortgages upon.

Bret. Tell me, thou eternal Thunderclap, how dareſt thou talk thus?

Ari. Tell me, old Nettor, brit, how dareſt thou do thus?

Bret. Huſſey, get out of my Houſe.

Ari. I won't; I'll ſtay to plague you. And if you don't take ſome milder Courſe with your Daughter, I'll watch my opportunity, ſteal her out, and ſet fire to your Houſe; d'ye hear, I ſhall ſo ſinge your Muzzle, Grandſire Gray beard.

Bret.

Bret. By this Light, I'll have her hang'd.

Ari. Do, and hang your Daughter too; 'tis ten times better than marrying her to a piece of Logwood.

Enter Castilio.

Odso here he comes, new-comb'd and powder'd, like a Prentice upon a Holy-day.

Bret. Well, Impudence, he has saved your Bones for this time. Noble *Castilio*, good morrow to you.

Cast. Good morrow my Lord: Good morrow Miss Wife, that must be.

Ari. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Cast. Thank you.

Ari. How proud am I to see our homely Roof bless'd with the Rays of such resplendent Beauty. Fortune is sure distributing her Favours, and sends the greatest to adorn your Servant.

Cast. Hark'ee, Father that must be, I really believe this young Gentlewoman's mad: The last time I was here, Fool, Booby, Loggerhead, Puppy, and such like Names, she thought too good for me; and now she's all upon the Complement. What the Devil's the meaning of all this?

Bret. Sir, you must forgive; she is a little crazed by Fits. Hussey be gone, or I'll cane you in.

Ari. Ah! cruel Sir, will you then drive me from the sight of those dear Eyes, that lovely Face: Open that precious Mouth, from whence there falls Wit faster than the Rheum from Nunkles Eyes.

Cast. Why, Father-in-law, been't you ashamed to stand still, and hear your Flesh and Blood, that is to be, abused thus?

Bret. Hark'ee, you Whore in imagination, you well-wisher to the Trade of Cuckoldom, thou unlawful Destroyer of Maidenheads, get thee gone presently, or I'll use the so scurvily, that the Punishment of a duck'd Scold, a pillory'd Cheat, or a carted Bawd, shall be honourable Punishment to what I'll make thee go through.

Ari. Well, well, Unkle, I will be gone; but one Word of Advice before I go. Come hither Cousin, be ruled by me, marry the Man your Father bids you; cuckold him with every Footboy in the

Lobby; ſpend his Eſtate on Bullies; deal with all ſorts of Men, all Languages; make thy ſelf a Mother of Nations.

Uſe Husband, Father, both like ſtubborn Knaves;
Obtain thy Freedom, and make them the Slaves. [*Exit.*

Caſt. Why, what the Devil has poſſeſs'd the Woman?

Bret. I am ſtruck with aſtoniſhment! but 'tis no matter, I'll ſoon get rid of her. —— Come, Nephew, we'll walk in, and leave the Lovers together. Worthy *Caſtilio*, I wiſh you good Succeſs with my Daughter; ſhe's ſomething too young, and that makes her fooliſh, but you muſt bear with that. I'll to Court, and hear what News is ſtirring, and whether theſe *Medians* deſign to block us up till we become Food for one another. [*Exit Bret.* and *Cur.*

Caſt. Well, Miſs, you ſee how Matters are like to go; your Father deſigns me for your Mouſe-trap of Matrimony. Why doſt not talk to me, Wench, ha? What, not a Word? —— Well, it's no great matter, for if I marry, 'tis not for the ſake of the Tongue. A good Eſtate, with the Tail tagg'd to it, will do my Buſineſs well enough. Well, but, Miſs, when ſhall we marry?

Am. When you pleaſe, Sir.

Caſt. Why that's well ſaid; I love a Woman that ſpeaks little, and to the purpoſe. Look'ee, Miſs, you are a Lord's Daughter, and I am a Lord's Son, you don't love me, nor I don't much care for you; but what then, there are young Men and Women enow about the Court, and if we can't among 'em all find ſome to pleaſe us, 'tis pity but we were condemned to feed on one Diſh all our Life time.

Am. Won't you be pleas'd to follow my Father, Sir?

Caſt. Why, ay, an you will, Sweetheart all think there's no great occaſion for talking more, ſince we're both agreed of the matter.

Enter Lycaſtes, *and* Ariene.

Who the Devil have we here now? Mrs. Many-minds, and a young brisk Fellow with her. I'm reſolv'd I'll ſtay; for tho' ſhe be young enough to be a Whore, ſhe has Malice enough to be a Bawd; therefore I'll not truſt her.

Ari. How now, *Greaſe* and *Peeble*, I thought you had been gone by this time.

Caſt.

Caſt. No, Plaiſter of *Paris*, I'm here ſtill.

Lyc. Dear *Amadine!*

Am. My dear *Lycaſtes*, welcome.

Caſt. Hey day! What's here to do? Hearkee, Friend, will you be pleas'd to keep your diſtance; this Philley is already provided of a Rider, I can aſſure you.

Qui dil vox?

Caſt. What the Devil does he ſay now? D'ye ſee Sir, in my own Country Language, I tell you once again, I'm to have the backing of this Colt; therefore pray go about your buſineſs.

Lyc. Are not you, Sir, Son to the Lord *Caſtilio?*

Caſt. Yes, Sir, I am his only Son, his firſt-born Child, the Prop of his Family, the Staff of his Age, and the Heir to his Eſtate.

Lyc. Why then, Sir, I have News to tell you: I came juſt now from Court, where I left your Father in an Apoplectick Fit, given over by his Phyſicians.

Caſt. How! how! my Father given over! Nay then, Miſs, your humble Servant: Your Affections and mine are not ſo faſt ty'd, but an Eſtate will quickly unlooſe 'em. [*Exit*

Lyc. I thought there was no way but this to get rid of him. Well my dear *Amadine*, how ſtands your Father affected?

Am. He continues his cruel Reſolutions ſtill, to marry to that Coxcomb.

Ari, And we continue our Reſolutions, to make Coxcombs of them both before it comes to that.

Am. Nay, for my part, I'll ſooner live in a Hovel upon Water and wild Sallads, than be fore'd to marry againſt my Inclinations.

Lyc. My dear, my Fortunes are not ſo deſpicable to throw you on ſo mean a Remedy. Do you but find a means to deceive your watchful Guardians, and I'll find means to ſecure us from wild Sallads and a Hovel, I'll warrant thee.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Father is return'd.

Ari. Ud'slife, ſlip you out at the Garden Door.

Lyc. Farewel, my Jewel, keep conſtant to thy Reſolutions, and we may both be happy. [*Exit.*

Am. Never doubt me.

Ari. No, no; let us alone: If we two young Girls can't cozen one old Fellow, 'tis pity but we were nailed againſt a Wall with our Heels upward.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter King, Memnon, Old Caſtillio, *Guards and Attendants.*

King. Still, *Memnon*, we withſtand their battering Rams,
Still our ſtrong Walls deſie the *Median* Fury,
Againſt all Dangers ſtill my Breaſt ſtands firm.

Mem. There's Winter, Sir, in all your *Parthian* Veins,
Nor will the Soldiers be induc'd to Flight,
But baſely from your Royal Standard ſhrink.

King. Slaves! do they ſee the threat'ning Flood o'erwhelm
Their Country, and like ſenceleſs Brutes, gaze at
The near approaching Deluge till they're loſt?

Mem. Your Citizens, whoſe Coward Souls ne'er knew
What Valour was, without the Plumes of Fortune,
Seeing you drove within this laſt reſult,
Into the narrow Bounds of one poor City;
Diſturb their Reſt with Dreams of rifled Hoards:
Their own, their Wives, their Sons and Daughters Fates,
And like infected Caitiffs ſpread their Fears
By their contagious Murmurs through the Streets.

Caſt. Already they have priz'd your Head, and plot
Who ſhall be firſt to ſeize the ſacred Prey.
They've told the Stores, the Lordſhips they ſhall gain;
And when the Great, the Royal Oak is ſtruck,
There's none but hopes a Branch, beneath whoſe Shade
Their Revels are deſign'd; and with one Voice,

They

They cry, an *Artaban*, an *Artaban*,
Muſt theſe Rewards, and their Deliverance bring.
King. Is *Artaban* the Minion of their Hearts?
Was not that Traytor, *Memnon*, juſtly baniſh'd?
He by my Influence firſt to being roſe,
And nurtur'd by my warmeſt Rays grew Great;
Yet all my beſt Rewards he did contemn,
And ſcorn'd a meaner Bounty than t'eſpouſe
My only Daughter, and poſſeſs my Throne:
Fortune and Fate oppreſs me as they pleaſe,
I never can forgive ſuch Inſolence.
Caſt. Sir, Sir, you may yet command what Terms you pleaſe,
The great *Tigranes* only fights for Love;
And wou'd you grant *Elinda* to his Arms,
He'd quickly lay his conquering Weapons down,
And bend to pay his Homage at your Feet,
A double Vaſſal, Son and Subject both.
Mem. If Kings deſerve, why may not he deſerve her?
Fame loudly ſpeaks the Largeneſs of his Soul,
How brave in Fields, in Courts how amorous!
Pleaſant and Martial, Great, and yet not Proud;
As free from Paſſion as th'unkindled Fire:
Yet urg'd, can looſe his Reins, and let the Beaſt
Courſe it a-while to ſhew he is a Man.
King. Muſt it be ſaid 'twas Arms made *Phraates* grant
Offers; in Peace, he almoſt ſcorn'd to hear,
Oh, this reclaims me, this diſturbs that Reſt,
Which liberal Nature by her Charter gives
To every Peaſant on his Bed of Straw.
Caſt. Sir, Succeſs proclaims Men Great,
Tigranes till he conquer'd was not ſo;
Now who is greater than *Tygranes* is?
What diſtant Nations do not dread his Strength?
Even *Rome* it ſelf, the Empreſs of the World,
Glad of a Peace, embrac'd him as her Friend.
His Faults to you are meritorious grown,
And in my Judgment purchaſe this Alliance.

King.

King. There's no reſiſting of an adverſe Fate,
When wayward Gods contend ſtruggling 'gainſt them,
Entangles more, and weaves us in the Toil.

[Shouts, Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Lyſander.

What mean theſe Shouts?

Lyſ. Hail, Gracious Prince, we are at length reliev'd.

King. Whence? or by whom? it is impoſſible!

Lyſ. The Shades of Night their loweſt Ebb had made,
And flowing Light began to ſwell the Day,
When firſt our Scouts th'incamped Hoſt deſcry'd.
All in Diſorder, rowz'd from Sleep,—to Arms;
To Arms the general Cry: The diſtant Parts
Of the wide Wings in Terrours wak'd, in haſte
They roſe, and trembled 'ere they knew for what,
Undreſt, half-arm'd, around their Troops they gaz'd,
Saw diſmal Fear, Diſtraction in each Eye;
Some Wonder-ſtruck, like Statues ſtood, as if
Gorgonian Charms had petrify'd their Feet:
Others for Flight prepar'd, and all amaz'd,
Whilſt ſtill the unintelligible Noiſe increas'd.

King. From whence the Cauſe?

Lyſ. That, Sir, deſerves your Ear.
Five hundred Horſe led by a valiant Chief,
To their main Body did their Out-Guards preſs,
Surpriz'd with Thought a greater Strength was near,
The higheſt parts, did crowd, the next, in Hopes
By Numbers to withſtand the Storm, yet this
Did but facilitate his Victory;
For ſtill he forward drove, and ſtill they fled,
Till in the Field the ſcatter'd Deaths were ſtrewed
Thick as *Autumnal* Leaves before the Wind,
Until at laſt, that mighty Hoſt, which but
Some Hours before our Terrour was, in Flight,
Left us the Field, glad any ways to ſave

Their

Their Lives, from the rapacious Victor's Sword,
Who now approaches to your joyful Gates.
Kin. Let's haſte to meet him;
And you, my Lords, witneſs to what I vow,
If our Deliverer be a Man, on whom
My Daughter can her kind Affection place,
To morrow's Sun this Nuptial Rites ſhall ſee,
And mix our Joys in that Solemnity.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bretton, Curio, Ariene, *and Servants.*

Bret. GOne! Why 'tis impoſſible, ſhe cou'd not creep out at the Key-Hole, ſure; Is ſhe a thing inviſible; Gone, and not know it?

Cur. You amaze your Servants.

Bret. Some Rogue or other has watched her Hour of Itching, and claw'd her, claw'd her, do you mind me? Some Raſcal, I'll warrant, that I foſter up.

Cur. They are all here, Sir.

Brit. Let 'em be where they will, they're all Raſcals, Sir; and by this Hand, I'll hang 'em all.

Cur. Deal calmly; you will not give 'em time to anſwer.

Bret. I'll choak 'em, famiſh 'em; what ſay you, Wag-tail? you knew her Mind, you were of Council with her; Let me know where ſhe is.

Cur. Ask with Diſcretion.

Bret. Diſcretion! Hang Diſcretion: Pox you, confound you, damn you all. Huſſy, let me know where ſhe is.

Ari. Would you know of me, Sir?

Bret. Of you, Sir! Ay of you, Sir: Why, what are you, Sir?

Ari. Your Niece, an't like your Worſhip.

Bret. A Bawd, an't like your Worſhip; a Lady fairy, to oyle the Doors a Nights, that they may open without ſqueeking.

Ari. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Bret. You lye, 'tis damnable ill, Sir: Hearky', will you confeſs you?

Ari. If I were guilty, I'd be hang'd firſt: Is this an Age to confeſs in?

Bret. Tell me the Truth, *Ariene*, and as I live I'll give thee a new Petticoat.

Ari. If you'd give me ten, I would not tell you. A Petticoat! I'd have you know, Sir, Truths are now a-days at a higher Price, than I perceive you are aware of.

Cur. Come, Couſin, deal modeſtly.

Ari. Why, I don't pluck my Cloaths.

Bret. What ſay you, Sirrah, you, and you, are you all dumb?

Port. I ſaw her laſt Night, an't ſhall like your Worſhip.

Bret. Did you ſo, an't ſhall like your Worſhip? Where lay ſhe? who lay with her?

Port. In truth, not I, Sir; I lay with my Fellow *Frederick*, in the Flea-Chamber.

Ari. I left her by her ſelf in her own Cloſet; and there I thought ſhe had ſlept.

Bret. Were all the Doors locked?

Port. All mine.

Serv. And mine; ſhe cou'd not get out that way, unleſs ſhe leap'd the Wall; and I am ſure that's higher than any Woman's Courage dares venture at.

Bret. Come, come, I ſay once more, Huſſy, you muſt know.

Ari. Why then, Sir, I'll tell you what I know.

Bret. I, do, that's my *Ari.*

Ari. In the the firſt place, I believe ſhe's gone, becauſe you can't find her. In the ſecond, I believe ſhe's weary of your Tyranny, and therefore gone; and in the third place, I believe ſhe's in Love, where you have no good Liking; and in the fourth place, If I were ſhe, I'd ſee you hang'd before I'd come agen.

Bret. Was there ever ſo much Impudence in Woman! Get you out my Doors.

Ari. Ay, with all my Heart; if your Houſe was Gold, and ſhe not in it, I ſhould count it nothing but a Cage to whiſtle in.

Bret.

Bret. If ſhe be above ground I will have her.

Ari. I'd live in a Coal-pit then, if I were ſhe.

Bret. Go ſearch the Houſe once more, all Corners where 'tis poſſible ſhe may go out: If I do find your Tricks———

Ari. I care not what you find, ſo you don't find her. [*Ex. Serv.*

Enter Caſtilio *Junior.*

Caſt. Why, how now, Father-in-law, what, I hope you han't got a ſham Fit of the Apoplexy too: Look, look, how he ſtruts about, like a new-made Gentleman-Uſher. My Lord, your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant; pray how does Miſs Wife do?

Bret. Oh, Son-in-law, ſhe's quite undone.

Caſt. Why, ſhe is not married yet, is ſhe?

Bret. Nay Heaven knows, ſhe may be for ought I know; ſhe is ſtoln out of the Houſe, and is gone, Heaven knows whither.

Caſt. Humph——Now do I begin to ſmell out my Fathers Apoplectick Fit; I perceive I was not ſhamm'd off ſo for nothing. Look ye, Father that ſhou'd have been, if your Daughter be gone, there's a Witch at your Elbow knows what Wind will fetch her back again.

Ari. Meaning me, Sweet Sir?——

Caſt. Yes, you, ſweet Lady, pray when went the Gentleman away that was ſo kind to bring me the News of my Fathers being given over by his Phyſicians. A Plague of his Meſſage, I'm ſure he procur'd me a good drubbing.

Ari. He went juſt after you, Forſooth.

Bret. How! A Man was there! a Man with her!

Ari. O, yes, Unkle, the pretticſt, ſweeteſt, good humoredſt Gentleman I ever ſaw in all my life.

Bret. And how got he in? tell me.

Ari. I let him in, Forſooth.

Bret. And who was it? tell me, my dear *Ariene*, tell me, and I proteſt I'll give thee new Cloaths from top to bottom.

Ari. I'll rather turn *Adamite*, and bring Fig Leaves into faſhion again.

Bret. 'Slife, I could find in my Heart to murder the Jade.

Caſt. If I an't miſtaken, my Lord, they call him, *Ly, Ly, Ly,* ſomething.

Bret. Lycaſtes.

Cast. The same, by *Jupiter.*

Bret. Oh! Rogue, Dog, Oh! Villain, he has been hankering after her above this half year.

Enter Servants. Porter drunk.

How now, what news? is she i'th' House?

Por. I'm sure she's not i't' Cellar; for look ye, Sir, if she had been i' the Cellar ——

Bret. I'm sure thou hast been there.

Port Yes truly, Sir; and I carry'd the matter very swimmingly; I search'd every piece of Wine, yes sure, Sir, every Terse that could but testifie, and I drew hard to bole her out.

Bret Away with him, fling him into the Hay-loft. Go Rascals, careless Dogs, get me my Sword, my Pistols, and arm your selves quickly; I'll to that Rascal's House, I'm sure she's rousled there. Come, *Castillio*, will you accompany me?

Cast. Ay, with all my Heart, Sir.

Bret. And d'ye hear, Hussey, get you to your Chamber, and let me find you at my return, ——or ——

[*Exit* Bret. Cast. *and Servants.*

Ari. Wipe your Beard, Unkle, the Effects of your Anger hangs upon't. Why what a little ill-natur'd Titt was this to steal away without my Knowledge. Well, I'm resolv'd I'll follow her, and be an eternal Plague to this old Devil of a Father of hers: Sure *Lycastes*, will have Wit enough to conceal her; thither I'm certain she's gone. Well, I'll to my Chamber, and study how to make my escape unknown. I'll teach his anger to dispute with Women. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Palace.*

The King ſitting on a Throne; the Queen and Princeſs by him. On each ſide the Throne, Memnon, Caſtillio, Lyſander, *Singers in Warlike Habits, A Symphony of Warlike Muſick, and then a Song.*

After the Song, the King, &c. *riſes.*

King. So *Jove* Imperial, from his Throne of Thunder,
Circled by all the leſſer Train of Court,
Attending Gods ſpeaks the big Voice of Fate.
Monarchs are *Joves* on Earth, their Words are Laws,
And theſe are mine. In all our ——— be
This Day for ever mark'd a Feſtival.
Let ſmoaking Altars Loads of Incenſe waſte,
Forreſts of perfumed Trees be rooted up;
Whence hallow'd Herds in ſpicy Clouds, ſhall mount,
And with their victim'd Odours Feaſt the Gods.
Sound all our Trumpets, beat up all our Drums,
Muſick of War; Ring out the Bells of Peace;
Mankind be glad, whilſt the rich Goblet crown'd
With ſparkling Gore, launch'd from the wounded Grape,
In Healths at e'ry Table walk the round.
Nor be it here reſtrain'd, our Conduits fill,
Till from their Heads whole Rivers are pour'd down,
And their long Streams reach *Neptune*'s large Bowl.

[*King drinks, and Trumpets ſound.*

Enter Artaban *attended.*

Behold my Lords, here our Deliverer comes.

Art. The Gods, the Gods, great Sir, have us'd my Sword,
Weak in theſe Hands, but conquering in theirs,
To puniſh the proud Arms of that bold King,
Who dar'd aſpire their *Phraates* to attempt.

King. By all the Gods, *Artaban!*

Art. The ſame baniſh'd *Artaban*,
Led by the Genius that inſpires his Soul,

Once

Once more has taught his Passions to submit,
And, maugre all your former Threats, is come
To offer up his Service at your Feet.

King. Rise, Noble Man, and let me shrowd my self
Within the generous Covert of thy Breast.
I'm all o'r shame to be out-done in Honour.
Canst thou forget my foul Ingratitude?
(Oh curst remembrance, how it racks my Soul!)
That drove thee, as a Criminal, from Court:
The Words, the Action, every part of that
Black Deed is in my Thoughts, and does advance
The brightness of thy Character the more.

Art. Let that be blotted, bury'd Sir, for ever,
In the dull Orb of dark Oblivion's Grave.

King. Oh, Let me hold thee in my Arms, thou Son
Of War, elder than *Mars*, What have I seen
Those Hands of thine perform, Nor he who holds
Heav'n's Shaffs of Vengeance could do more.
Had it not been for him, we had not been.
Our Kind, our Brave, our Valourous Restorer,
The Adamantine Locks that keeps Fates Laws,
His Sword can break, and change their Sacred Rolls.
Is not this he, that in the *Phrygian* Fields,
When the eager Armies were drawn forth to fight,
Rod forth, and bid defiance to the Host;
Then, then the Battles joyn'd, and then thy Sword,
All crimson'd with their Gore, flung Wounds and Death
Round all the scatter'd Troops, and gain'd the day.

Art. My little share in that great Conquest, Sir,
If any, I deriv'd it all from you.
'Twas your Example, Sir, that led me on;
I did but follow where you broke the way.

King. Thou art as modest, as thou'rt truly valiant.
O, *Artaban*! What was't could make me hate thee?
'Twas madness, by the Gods, 'twas madness all,
To rob my self of my Right Hand, my Life,
My Battles, Sieges, Victories, and Fame;
I ne'er cou'd end thy Praises, 'tis a Theme
Years wou'd want time to finish, but in part

Of

Of what I owe thee for Reward, take this:
Alinda's thine, and *Hymen* bless your Loves. [*Gives* Alinda.
Arta. The bounteous Gifts so vast, I blush to think
How far my humbler Merit it exceeds.
Oh! I'm all Extasie, through every Pore
The balmy Joy creeps to besiege my Heart,
And drowns the Expressions of my Gratitude.
Queen. Oh! I'm undone; it must not, shan't be. [*To* Eudora.
Art. Say, brightest Pattern of the Deities, speak,
And let me know what Dowries you expect.
Tho' to no Crowns my abject State was born,
No joyful Subjects at my Birth cou'd sing
An *Io Pean* to their Infant King;
But brought into the World, have always liv'd
The Son of Fortune in the Broils of War:
Yet, thanks to Fate, the Kingdom's in my Sword.
Name in what fertile Soil you'll have a Throne;
Be it beyond the *Alps*, or there where runs
Pactolus Streams o'r Sands of shining Gold.
I'll lead my conquering Bands where the bold Foot
Of Warriour never trod, o'r Hills of Snow,
Where Summer's Suns ne'r made a chearful Day.
Or changing Climates farther Eastward go;
Where Nature in her Fire, expiring lies,
And the parch'd Earth gapes for a blast of Air:
Nay search lost Paradice, and place ye there.
Alind. O, *Artaban!* thy Love's a Throne to me;
Enjoying that in some wild Rural Seat,
Which mimmick Art did never cultivate,
Close by the Mossy Head of some sweet Spring,
Whence gentle Streams their murm'ring Cadence make
Thro' flow'ry Meads, Green Lanes and whisp'ring Groves.
I'd rather live with thee than in gay Courts,
Those busie Markets of Revenge and Hate.
Art. Oh, I have gain'd the prosp'rous point of Love;
Enjoyment scarce it's Measures can encrease:
So well agreed, so well our Hearts are joyned,
E're Marriage-bonds admit the nearer Ties.
King. Thy Vertues do deserve her best returns.
Nor can she love thee more than I admire.

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis time that we retire, my Lord, the General,
By his late Action tired, may want Refreshment.
King. E're long we'll meet again; in the mean while,
United Joys through all the City smile. [*Exeunt. pret. Q. and* Eud.
Queen. O, my *Eudora*, faithful Confident,
To thee I dare disrobe my cover'd Soul,
And lay my naked Thoughts before thy view;
Which did I not believe, I'd never tell thee
That *Artaban*'s the Object of my Flame.
Gods! I confess, that at the first sight I lov'd,
The poysnous Arrow flew like Lightning through
My Veins, and left it's sulph'rous Tincture there.
Eud. When such Resolves in Royal Breasts are sent,
Thy're Pledges of their own Accomplishment.
Queen. Oh, my *Eudora*, didst thou mark the Lovers?
Did you behold their interchang'd Delights?
How their Lips mov'd? their swelling Veins boil'd o'er?
Their throbbing Hearts Love's loud Allarums beat,
As if they'd leave the Lodgings they had got;
And in the presence with each other joyn.
Eud. Where's the bright lamp of Reason, Madam, now,
Which shone so clear within your Honours Breast?
If they too fiercely love, it cannot last.
Queen. By all the Sulphur of the flaming Deep,
It sha'n't, not an hour, a minute more.
Eud. Then Madam, know, I hate *Alinda* with
As great a force as you love *Artaban*.
This, amongst others, take a Reason for,
My Heart burnt once with Fires as fierce as yours,
It's Object not unworthy, but unhappy;
Press'd with *Alinda*'s Charms, told her his Griefs,
She scorn'd, and he, too great to bear it, dy'd.
Revenge has since buoyd up my Life, and now
I'll strive to act it both for you and me.
Queen. I be means to the way.
Eud. Leave that to me. But stay,
Here's *Memnon* coming, he's your Lover, Madam,
And may be made a useful Engine here,
Screw up his tow'ring Hopes, and put Ambition
Into the Scale to lift him to our Ends.

Enter

Enter Memnon.

Mem. May I approach you, Madam?

Quee. Draw near, my Lord, how do the Lovers do?

Mem. They're happy, ſure.

Quee. They ſhall not long be ſo: [*Aſide.*
How know you that?

Mem. Deſpairing *Memnon*'s only wretched are,
Where Love meets Love, there's an Elizium there.

Quee. You always had a Mak'ry o'er my Heart,
But yet, the Way's too rough to climb a Throne;
Till that be ſmooth'd, you know my vow'd Reſolve.

Mem. If done, may I have leave to hope?

Quee. You may.

Mem. Then ſhall this Sword before the next Day's Light,
Give Death to *Phraates*, and Life to me.

Eud. Methinks, my Lord, 'twou'd be ill ſeaſon'd then,
The very time the Nuptials are perform'd:
And ſhou'd the King be ſlain, the General
May in *Alinda*'s name claim *Sicily*.

Quee. Cou'd we contrive how to divert the Match,
Then Courage makes a Queen, and Crown your own.

Mem. The Corner-Stone is laid, the Art's to raiſe
The Structure; let me think.

Eud. Is the High-Prieſt to marry 'em?

Mem. Yes.

Quee. He is your Brother.

Mem. And with his Life wou'd ſerve me.
I left him in the Temple now, preparing
All things in order to receive the King,
Who comes in private to conſult the Oracle.

Quee. If you cou'd now ingage him how to work
The Jealous King in fear of th angry Aug'ries:
'Tis for your ſake and mine, *Memnon*, be quick;
I long to ſee thy Temples in a Crown.

Mem. You are my Queen, and I in all obey. [*Ex.* Mem.

Quee. Chooſe they who will the ſmoother Ways to tread,
Where the dull beaten Paths of Vertue lead;

My Soul's above my Sex, the common Road
Befits not me, I'll travail like a God:
Where I find none, theſe Hands ſhall make my way,
And Pleaſure only ſhall oblige my ſtay.
In flowing Extaſies conſume the Night,
My Life ſhall be the meaſure of Delight;
So may the Hours of all thoſe Lovers be,
Who live, and love, and dare to act like me. [*Ex.* Quee. Eud.

Enter Artabandas *and* Alinda. *A Chamber of State.*

Artab. My dear *Alinda*, oh, my Life, my Soul,
My Happineſs, my every Bliſs to me;
What happy Influence rul'd the Skies to day?
How comes your Father, once the cruel *Phraates*,
So kind, ſo gentle, and ſo bounteous now?

Alin. Is there amongſt th' Inhabitants above,
A God that bears a Domination there,
That can,
Knowing thy Vertues, which their Hands did make,
So near their own Original, neglect
A Care of thee, thou ow'ſt it all to them.

Artab. Thou art all Goodneſs, perfect Charity;
Nor does the Ætherial Maid that bears that Name,
With half thy Beams, and brighten'd Beauties ſhine;
Oh! I cou'd look, and love, and gaze, and live,
And bask my ſelf within theſe Rays for ever:
Thy Eye's my Sphere of Light, thy Breaſt my Globe;
My Garden's in thy Face, and in thy Heart my Love.

Alin. Theſe are your Infant Raptures, Gentle Strains,
An uncloy'd Fancy makes a Paſtime of;
For ſome ſhort time the pleaſant Flowers are Sweet,
Beauteous to th' Eye, and Odorous to the Scent;
But when the Noon of Life is paſt, the Toy's
Wither'd, laid by, forgot, and ſeen no more.

Artab. Beſt of thy kindeſt Sex, reſtrain theſe Fears;
Our Hours too precious are for Thoughts like theſe;
They ſhou'd be all Delight and Extaſie,
No ſawcy Care intrude it's Ravenous Look,

No

No dread its paler Face, no Jealouſie
Its yellow Locks to diſcompoſe us now.
Alin. Then baniſh'd let 'em be, it ſhall be ſo.
Thus in thy manly Breaſt I'll lay my Head,
And in a gentle Sigh thus kindly breath
Soft as a whiſpering Evenings Summers Glade,
The next approach unto thy Liſtening Ear.
Artab. Oh my *Alinda!* thy kind gentle Words
Set all my Veins on Fire; the Lambent Flames
Their liquid Streams through all my Arteries ſend:
Oh! I cou'd chide the tardy Day, the tedious Night,
Which ſtand between me and my utmoſt Joys.
Fly, fly, you Minutes, lay your Crutches by,
Huddle to Hours, you Hours to Days, and bring
Life and Enjoyment to my longing Arms.
Alin. This Day has done its ſhare, we owe it much,
And may be pleas'd to treat it whilſt it's here;
Theſe little Lets pay our Delights increaſe
In Expectation, there's its Pleaſure found.
Artab. This is thinn Dyet to the Hungry Soul.
Alin. It is ſpare Dyet's Meals that make us feed the better,
Whilſt the pall'd Stomach nauſeous Surfeits feel.
Artab. Oh! who cou'd ſurfeit in enjoying thee?
Thou art a Counterpoiſon to all Ills:
Misfortunes ſtand avaunt when thou art near.
Alin. Enough, my Lord, the Evening is farr ſpent:
Indeed it's time to part.
Artab. But till to Morrow;
Then we ſhall join to ſeparate no more:
So have I ſeen two Siſter-Streams that ſpread,
Their Silver Currents from one Fountain's Head,
Kiſs, and take each their ſeveral way, through all
The fertile Soyle where their ſoft Murmurs fall,
Till having run their Courſe, they kindly greet,
And in the Sea, their twin'd Embraces meet. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III.

SCENE I. *A Temple.*

Enter King *and* Queen.

King. THAT Day the Valiant Stranger does *Alinda* Wed,
The *Parthian* Monarch's Blood shall be untimely shed
Away vain Oracles: shall Priests perswade me
To forfeit Honour, and betray my Friend?
No, I'me resolv'd, let Fate pursue its course,
I'le never break my Vow.
Ha! You shadowy Phantoms, Airy Nothings; where,
Oh whither are you fled, you spitefull Sons of Fear!
Nights dismal Haunters! Groans, and no more
Sad Dying Groans in lifeless Figures cast:
Here, *Thermusa*, *Memnon*, Guards. } *Enter* Ther. Mem. Lycast. *and Guards.*
Come fling your selves about me,
And be my Shields, my Towers, my Bulwarks of Defence
Against the Legions of the Prince of Darkness.
Where's the Queen? Come hither *Memnon*, *Lycastes*,
Oh! I'me one piece of Terrour, cold as Ice;
My Veins all frozen, like a Northern Sea,
Their Spring, and Fall, forget.

Quee. You're frighted sure, my Lord.

King. Dost thou not see
Yon horrid Skeleton, how its Gumless Jaws
Chatters; without his Eyes he stares, he shakes
His fleshless Fist, and Rattles as he walks?

Quee. You fancy, Sir; there's nothing there.

King. Ha! Nothing! nothing! why then 'tis gone:
'Twas spy'd the Horses of the Sun bound o'er yon Mount,
Clapt on its Shroud, and dropt into the Grave.
By all my Fears the Gods have spoke the Truth,
And I must dye to morrow.

Quee.

Quee. How, to morrow!
King. Yes, thou bright Partner of my Bed, to morrow.
Quee. Ye Gods forbid; your Majeſty's in health.
King. 'Tis an immutable Decree, I muſt
To all my Glories, Honours, Crowns, Contents,
Friends, Loves, and deareſt Happineſs on Earth
For ever, oh for ever, bid a faint
A--laſt, a parting ſad Adieu to morrow.
Quee. Some Melancholly Prieſt, my Lord, hath had
Too near Admittance to thy Royal Ear;
Spoke his falſe Dreams, and rais'd theſe cauſeleſs Fears.
Like *Phraates*, ſhake them from you; by Heavens
There's ſomething in my Womans Breaſt which holds
More Courage than to bend to any Tale of theirs.
Mem. Oh how the Poyſon works. [*Aſide.*
King. When Heaven ſpeaks we ſhou'd regard its words;
Nor have they told me ought, but what from them
In Sacred Oracles they learnt, which ſtill declare
Fortune's Reverſt, Event prepoſterous,
Hurl'd into Being, e'er their Cauſe is known:
Strange Truths ript from the Womb of Time
E'er well Conceiv'd.
Quee. Tell me, what is't they've ſaid?
King. Oh horrour! how I tremble to relate it!
That Day *Alinda* does the Valiant Stranger Wed,
Phraates Blood ſhall be untimely ſhed.
Is it not ſtrange?
Quee. Moſt wonderfull, indeed.
King. And to confirm the Truth, glad of my doom
My Uncle as I ſtood,
Whom I had long agoe confin'd to Earth,
Left his cold Bed, and ſtole the form of Life.
Mem. Fate or his Fancy works with us. [*Aſide.*
Quee. But ſtill the Gods are kind, thus to foretell,
When yet you may prevent the fatal Sentence.
Stay the intended Match.----
King. Oh Name it not.

Heaven

Heaven ne'er can wink at ſo much Perjury,
Such black Ingratitude, and cruel ſpight:
What when I've train'd them up to hope their hands
In Contract joyn'd, and on the brink of Joy:
When their full Veins are ſwell'd to all Loves heights:
It cannot be--- Sound all, ſound all to Horſe,
By all my Honours, I grow Reſolute;
My Blood it ſtirs, 'tis warm, 'tis hot, it burns;
Give me my Arms, I'le mount, and brave to's Face
This King of Terrours, in the Field of *Mars*.

Quee. Hold my Lord and be adviſed: If *Phraates* Life
Be ſo unvalu'd in His Eyes, ſhall not
Thermuſa's Groans be heard, her Tears regarded? [*Weeps*
Grant her at leaſt your pity, Sir, who is reſolv'd
When her Lord dies, not to ſurvive the hour.

Mem. Oh how the Crocodile can weep. [*Aſide.*

King. Help me, ye Gods, to bear this laſt Aſſault.

Quee. Beſides you may reward great *Amanda*.
Give him a frown t'inlarge his narrower Fate;
Load him with Honours, Offices, and Truſts;
Put in the Balance all your Friendſhip's Store;
Chooſe where he will 'mongſt the *Parthian* Court,
A Miſtreſs that may ſuite his haughty mind;
Sure this may ſatisfie his ambitious Thirſt.

King. Oh ſpare me------

Quee. I cannot:
Gods, Kings, and every petty Mannor'd Lord
Will call you Fool and Coward thus to give,
In ſpite of their Advice, your Life and Crowns,
Your Daughter, Fame, and me, and all at once,
For an Allyance you ſhou'd rather ſcorn.

King. Thou mov'ſt me Queen: by all the living Gods,
He's dead that doth adviſe the contrary.
Go raiſe the Court, draw all my Guards about me,
I'll ſtand this ſhock of Fortune e'er I fall.
Haſt *Memnon*, and ſecure the Princeſs ſafe
At her own Lodgings, whilſt that you diſpatch
A ſwift Expreſs to the great King *Tygranes*;

In-

Invite him to *Alinda*'s Arms and Peace;
Here take my Royal Signet, and begon:
Thus will I close with what my Stars advis'd,
Laugh the old Ghost to scorn in years to come,
When tir'd with Age, I'm pleas'd t' accept a Tomb.

Enter Artabandas *hastily with his Sword in Hand, as from Bed.*

Artab. Ha! Royal *Phraates*, can you think of Tombs,
Whilst your *Artaban* is your Guard? this Sword
Shall skreen your Person from advancing Ills;
Your Subjects Treasons, and your Foes designs:
Death if sees me shall start back for fear,
And seek some other Prey to gorge his Lust:
Speak, speak the danger you are in---- ha! mute,
What is the meaning of all this---- not yet----
Quee. The King is discompos'd, 'twere well to leave him.
Artab. By all the Lawrels, all the Kindnesses
I've in his Service reap'd, I will not stir
A foot, till first I know his Enemy.
King. Look round thee *Artaban*;
See what all *Parthia* can afford that's worth
Thy Favours, I will give the same, and more
To hold thee to my Breast, and keep thee there.
Artab. Already you have given me more than in
Th'expanded Arms of the wild Deeps lye hid,
More than th' Entrails of the Earth can buy,
The opulent World is indigent to me,
Whilst I enjoy the bleft *Alinda*'s Love.
King. Oh, that ——
Artab. Yes, that's beyond them all, not Heaven
Cou'd add a Grain the Treasure to encrease.
King. 'Tis this alone cannot be thine ——
Artab. Not mine?
Oh all ye Powers above! not mine, my Lord?
Rather say kindly that my Life's not so;
It's easier Torture to endure the worst,
The complicated Strokes of every Ill:

Fires,

Fires, Plagues, Diſeaſes, Sores, and Sickneſſes,
Wounds, Racks, Diſhonour, Deaths and Hell,
Than hear the ſound of ſuch a killing Word;
Sure, Sir, you do it but to try me, your Brows
Thus clouded in Storms, cover the Shine
That warms the Generative Seeds of all
My future Bliſs, and my encreaſing Hopes;
Put on the Day-light of your Eyes again.

K. For ever I cou'd ſmile upon thee, ſee
Thee mounted in my Throne on my Right-hand,
Share all my Empire with me; nay, Content
Wou'd fill my Soul to be thy Subject made;
And this without *Alinda* ask, and by
The Powers that guide the World it ſhall be thine.

Artab. And this without her I wou'd ne'er accept.

K. I am too poor to give thee more, yet muſt,
Tho' urg'd by all the Gods, deny thee her. [*K. turns to Q.*

Artab. My Friend, why ſtand you huſh'd, ſilent as Night,
As Infant-Winds in ſecret Caverns lock'd,
And tell me not whence is this ſudden change? [*To the Lords.*

Quee. 'Tis brave to be Reſolv'd, ſhake not your Mind,
His haughty Fierceneſs by degrees will cool,
And Prudence, Sir, to Temper bring him back. [*Aſide.*

Artab. Is that the Reaſon, 'tis plain Forgery,
Meer tampering with the Skies to bribe their Voice,
And ſpeak my Ruine;—— hear *Phraates*, hear King,
If all the former Services I have done
Your Empire, with the weight of thoſe I'm yet
To do, may e'er Conjure you, hear me now. [*Kneeling pulls K. Robes.*

K. I will be dragg'd no more: if you are Wiſe,
Accept my offers, for 'tis all I grant.

Artab. Can you ſo ſoon forget your *Artaban*,
Him, who but yeſterday you lov'd ſo well?
Has he ſo little Intereſt in your Breaſt,
That a vile Sorcerer, Prieſt or Devil
By Charms or Inchantations thruſt
His Image thence? oh my too rigid Fate!

K. Forbear, and be my Friend, thy Suit's unpleaſant,

And

And ne'er can change my Mind; ſo ceaſe it now,
Or ſee my Face no more.
Arta. Ha! Ingrate!
Pardon my Love, I call thy Father ſo —— [*Aſide.*
Look o're my Breaſt, and ſee the Scars it wears;
Theſe Seams torn to defend thy tottering Throne,
And tell me, tell me, deluded fearfull King,
Have I deſerv'd ſuch Infamous Returns?
K. Provoke me not, I can be paſſionate.
Arta. Be as thou wilt, I ſhall regard it not,
Thou'ſt done thy worſt, and I defy thee now;
Oh Heav'ns, 'tis ſomething ſacred in thy Face,
Some Features of my dear *Alinda* there,
Which holds my injur'd Hands more than the Guards.
K. Againſt my Perſon; ſeize the Traytor. [*The Guards draw about.*
Artab. ——Stand off.
I know not how to yield, nor will learn now.
Quee. Oh Heavens! how he looks, a brave diſdain——
Strikes like the Darts of Lightning through his Eyes,
And kindles in my Breaſt Increaſing Flames. [*Aſide.*
K. Sure I have power to tame him; kill him: } [*The Guards fight, and ſome fall.*
What will he cut his way to reach my Head?
Quee. Hold, let him live to ſee his Puniſhment.
[*They come behind him and diſarm him.*
K. Well, now I hope you'll beg your forfeit Life.
Arta. Firſt thou ſhalt hack me into Atoms.
K. Accept it as my Favour then.
Arta. Nor thus:
My conſcious Breaſt wou'd ſtill Reproach this Arm
For all my ill-ſpent Youth, the Harveſt of my Life;
My wreathed Laurels wither on this Brow,
Which I have gather'd at ſo vaſt expence,
And often purchas'd at ſo dear a rate.
K. Then for *Alinda*'s ſake I grant it.
Arta. *Alinda*'s Name can charm my utmoſt Rage,
And Death it ſelf wou'd be a Life for her.
K. But with Reſerve you never ſee her more.
Arta. Muſt it be ſo, then know thy Intereſt King,

Keep this bold Lyon whilſt he is in thy toyl,
For if he ranges once abroad aga n,
By all the violent Sufferings which I feel,
Not all thy Huntſmen with their Warring Spears,
Thy Guards, thy Armies, ſhall e're withſtand his force;
But in deſpight of thee will ſeize his Right,
And from thy Boſome, tear it to his own.

K. Gods! ſhall I bear this? thus to be brav'd,
Thus dar'd and threaten'd to my very Face,
I'th' midſt of all my Court, by one diſarm'd,
Whom with a blaſt of Breath I cou'd to Death,
To vileſt Torments in my anger doom?
Go bear him off, and if he does preſume
To tread on this forbidden Ground agen
His Life ſhall pay the forfeit of his Crime. [*K. Exit haſtily.*

Arta. And am I thus Rewarded? O Heavens!
Who wou'd your Votaries be? Oh feeble Vertue,
How thin, how lean, how ſtarv'd are thy Returns?
Farewell your Courts, I'le trouble you no more,
Let Cowards if you pleaſe your helps Implore.
[*Bore off by the Guards.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Town.*

Enter Bretton, Lycaſtes, Caſtilio *Junior, with Officers.*

Lyc. MY Lord, I cannot help complaining at the injuſt manner of your Proceedings; I do aſſure you, Sir, I am as much concern'd for the loſs of your Daughter as you can be, and on my Honour will join with you in the ſearch of her.

Caſt. Jun. Piſh, piſh, ne'er mind him, my Lord, he's a cunning Warrener, and has more Burrows than one I dare ingage for him.

Brett. I am reſolv'd I will not leave a Houſe unſearch'd in the whole City till I've found her.

Lyc.

Lyc. I will aſſiſt your Lordſhip, but for you, Sir, I'le call you to an account ſome other time.

Caſt. Jun. Prithee what care I what thou doſt, what the Devil, when a Man's Mare's broke out of his Ground, won't you allow him the liberty of looking after her?

Enter Amadine *in Boy's Cloathes.*

Am. So, Heaven be thank'd, I'me got ſafe hitherto, let me but come once to the Arms of my dear *Lycaſtes* and I am happy; ha! bleſs me, what do I ſee! my Father and his Myrmidons! what will become of me? If I offer to go 'twill ſhew ſuſpicious, I muſt ſtand the brunt let what will come on't.

Brett. How now, what Boy is that? come hither Sirrah.

Am. Then what a moſt glorious Sight 'twill be, to ſee me riding upon one of the Horns o'th' Moon; To have my Palace made of Amber, and a hundred little twinkling Stars for my Attendance.

Brett. What a Devil is the Boy mad?

Caſt. Jun. I don't know that, but I am ſure his Diſcourſe is above my Underſtanding.

Brett. Harke'e Child, doſt thou dwell here in the City?

Am. Yes an't pleaſe you Sir, but I am going to remove my Habitation: I have an Authority from *Jove* to be a Cloud-maker, and *Juno* has promiſed me an Apartment in her own Court.

Lyc. Alas, the poor Child's Lunatick; I think 'twere well to ſend him to the Hoſpital of Madfolks till we can learn what Family he is of.

Am. Heaven grant you wou'd, for I'me ſure I ſhall be mad outright, unleſs I eſcape theſe watchfull Dragons.

Brett. Nay, nay, look ye, my Paſſion is not ſo great as to leſſen my Charity, and indeed I think my ſelf bound in duty, as I am in Authority, to ſuccour the Unfortunate.

Enter Ariene *like an* Amazon.

Hey day, what the Devil have we here?

Caſt. Jun. Gad I don't know, it's half Fiſh half Fleſh I believe.

Lyc. I ſuppoſe 'tis one of the Amazonian Ladies lately arriv'd at Court.

Ari. Ha! I find the Houſe is beſet, *Lycaſtes* there, and my Cozen not among 'em? then do I begin to fear every thing has not happen'd right.

Am. Well, I'le be going; pray Gentlemen, if *Juno*, *Jove*, or *Mercury* inquire for me, tell 'em I am but juſt gone to *Cupid*'s Palace, and will attend 'em in Counſell immediately.

Brett. Here, one of you take the Boy; let him be kept ſafe in the Hoſpital, till further enquiry be made of him.

Caſt. Jun. Ay, ay, don't let us be troubl'd with other peoples Madneſs. [*Exit* Amadine.

Ari. As I live 'tis ſhe: now Brain aſſiſt me, and if I find not ſome way to fit this Politician, may I dye a Maid when my Mind's brimfull of Matrimony. Your Servant, Sir.

Caſt. Jun. Your Servant, Sir, or Madam; or Madam, and Sir; for by my troth you may be both for ought I know: Pray, what wou'd you have with me?

Ari. You have loſt a Miſtreſs if I am not miſtaken, Sir.

Caſt. Jun. No faith Child, I'le anſwer for that thou art not miſtaken in that; but I'me much miſtaken if you can tell me how to get her agen.

Ari. Indeed Sir but I can.

Brett. How, how's that, Madam? Pray take pity on a poor fond Father, that has loſt an only Child.

Ari. Your Daughter left you Sir this very moment.

Brett. If that be the beſt of your Intelligence pray do you leave us too; what the Devil have we not been in ſearch of her theſe 8 hours?

Ari. Why that ſame little thing you thought a mad Boy was *Amadine* your Daughter.

Brett. What, you know her then?

Ari. Yes, 'twas I helpt her to make her Eſcape; but I having ſince conſider'd what a great Grief ſo loving a Father muſt of neceſſity have for ſo ſweet a Daughter, thought it my Duty to acquaint you where ſhe was, that you might juſtly puniſh her Diſobedience.

Enter Simpſon.

Brett. How now Cozen, what News bring you? have you heard ought of my Daughter yet?

Coz. Only this, Sir; we took her Cloathes with a young Youth, who ſaid the Perſon that left them had a Suit of his in the Room of 'em.

Caſt. Jun.

Caſt. Jun. Prithee peace, the loſt Sheep's heard of, come, come, Father-in-law, let's make haſte after her, for who knows as mad as ſhe pretends to be, but ſhe may have wit enough to give us the goe-by once aged.

Brett. Ay, ay, come Co en and Gent'emen, Mr. *Lycaſtes*, we diſcharge you, and for you, Madam, for this ſingular Favour, I ſhall be very proud you would command my Houſe.

Caſt. Jun. And do me the Honour too Dame at my Wedding.

Ari. How now *Lycaſtes*, what's the occaſion of your Melancholy?

Lyc. You have undone me.

Ari. What in letting you know where to find your loſt Miſtreſs?

Lyc. In letting me know I have for ever loſt her.

Ari. Never trouble thy ſelf for that, but take my word for it thou ſha't have her.

Lyc. How!

Ari. *Ariena* ſays it, and it ſhall be ſo.

Lyc. *Ariena!*

Ari. The very ſame; come, come, we have no time for Talking, we muſt be at the Heels of 'em, and if I don't perform my Promiſe to thee, may I be ſixty odd before any Man makes his Addreſs to me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Artaban, *ſolus*, *Diſguis'd.*

Arta. The Great *Alcides*, when of old ſurpriz'd,
Amongſt the *Lydian* Dames his Warlike Limbs,
Wrapt in ſoft Silks, and thoſe unconquer'd Hands
Wielding the Diſtaffe, which that Sword had born,
Bluſh'd leſs in his, than I in this Diſguiſe.
Oh *Phraates*, I again will ſee thy Court,
Tho' my vow'd Death ſhou'd meet theſe forward ſteps;
'Tis better far to feel, than fear our Fate.
Oh *Alinda!*
For thee my Armour to theſe Weeds are chang'd,
For thee my Reſolution's barr'd, for thee
My very Rage luxuriant grown, is ſtopt,
Like the great Thunderer, tho' his mounted Arms
Charg'd with Deſtruction, aiming at his Foes,
By a kind Goddeſs, whoſe prevailing Charms,
Are far more powerfull than his angry Bolts.

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Palace Garden.*

Enter King *and* Tygranes *Diſcourſing.*

King. The Clouds, my Lord, muſt be diſcharg'd, before
The joyfull Sun can fairly guild the Sky;
Allow her leave to weep, and tell me, Sir,
How ſhe receiv'd your Perſon.

Tygr. As I approacht,
Her careleſs Treſſes half diſhevel'd hung
Like Sheaves, with which the Wind had been too bold;
Her Head on her bent Arm its burthen le'nt,
Whilſt from her Eyes thoſe Diamond quarries run,
The teary Streams that Dew'd her Roſal Cheeks,
Which as they fell bending to kiſs her Lips,
Her Sighs drove back, to ſeek their Grave below.

King. The Part's too paſſionate you act, my Lord.

Tygr. The Queen of Sorrow ne'er was Dreſs'd like her,
So Beautifull ſhe ſeem'd, ſo full of Grace
Amidſt her Griefs, ſhe might have charm'd a God.
She dry'd her Eyes, and with a mournfull Look
Beheld me fallen at her Princely Feet.

King. Cou'd ſhe be Cruel then?

Tygr. My ſelf, my Heart,
And Empire, were the Off'rings which I made,
But theſe, alas! too mean for her Acceptance,
She with Scorn deny'd; begg'd me to deſiſt
My tedious Suit, and give her leave to dye.

King. She's unworthy of you, Sir, but muſt
With my Commands to ſo much Vertue yield.

Tygr. Thus on my Knees I beg you, Sir, to uſe
Your utmoſt Kindneſs: All the Endearments, which
A Father's Breaſt can to his Child's convey,
To charm her Favours in behalf of me.

King. Pray doubt it not, nor do I queſtion by degrees
T'effect your Ends. She muſt have time to wean
This Darling from her Boſome, her Mind will turn;
The Wind that veres to every point of th' Sphere,
Is not more changeable than Womans Will;

Yet

Yet when 'tis ſettl'd in ſome Corner Reſts,
And plays the Sovereign there.
Tygr. May that bleſt Seaſon,
Spring of my Hopes, and Summer of my Life,
On Time's ſoft Wings fly ſwiftly to my Aid.
[*Diſcover themſelves.*

SCENE III. *A Garden.*

King. What ſtill a weeping? hath thy Father's care
No other Influence than this? The Great
Tygranes, whom I have choſe the Partner of thy Bed,
Waits with a Crown, to adorn thy Virgin Brows.
Alind. Oh Royal Sir! My King, my Father, hear me!
By all the Loves you ever bore my Mother,
By all the Virgins Angels Vows, by thoſe
Their Images on Earth do chaſtly make,
Be not ſo ſtrickt, ſo hard, ſo harſh, to uſe
Authority to bend my fixt Reſolves,
Which like the Centre of the Earth ſtands firm,
But looſen'd once will into pieces burſt,
And in Eternal Ruines break to Duſt.
King. Theſe are but feeble Reaſons t'avert my Ends,
Nor ſhou'd they move with you; Methinks a Throne
Shou'd overrule theſe little letts, whoſe Spots,
If ſuch ſome Fools eſteem them, by its Rays,
Like Tapers in the Sunſhine, are not ſeen.
Alind. The boaſted Grandeur of the Univerſe,
Were it together heap'd upon one Man,
Were he a Perſon where all Beauties met,
All Vertues kept their Bank, Learning and Arts,
By Nature all his own, wou'd never tempt
My Heart in prejudice of him, to whom already
All that's mine, is given away.
Tygr. Oh Madam, be not ſo unkind, but bleſs me
(Thus on my Knees I beg it) with one Smile, [*Kneels.*
And dart a Cordial Balſom to my Wounds.
Alind. This Poſture, Sir, becomes you not, pray riſe,
And let me beg you hear me. Hear

A Harm-

A Harmleſs, Weeping, Mourning, Dying Wretch,
If ever you intend to enjoy your aims,
A Miſtreſs that is Kind, Content, or Greatneſs,
Or what you value moſt, think not of me,
For in Heav'ns Face, I Vow -----
King. Hold ----- hear my Vow firſt -----
By the dread Majeſty of Kings I ſwear;
If you conſent not to *Tygrane*'s Love,
I'le ſearch thy *Artaban* throughout the World,
And all the Gods ſhall never ſave his Head. [*Exit King.*
Alind. O Unmercifull! Oh Cruel *Phraates!*
Can your hard Heart no more of Pity hold?
Is all your Kindneſs, all your Oaths forgot?
Good Gods! *Tygranes* hear,
By all the Honours, all the Vertues, which
You'r feign'd the Maſter of, by theſe my Tears,
Which ever will diſturb you, ſhou'd I be forc'd,
Shou'd I be drove, or raviſh'd to your Bed,
Conſtrain me not by Importunities,
To forfeit all my Vows.----
Tygr. Oh Madam! Words like theſe ſtab to the Soul,
Feed on my Entrails, Riot on my Heart,
And with a Vulture's Rage my Vitals tear.
Alind. If ſuch their Influence be, why do you ſtay
Within their Reach? The Fire of Love
In narrow Limits pent, grows fierce in its Reſtraint;
Which did it rove at Large, 'twou'd waſte,
And by degrees, in Lambent Flames expire.
Wou'd you but be adviſ'd, my Lord, in this,
Tho' to ſome diſmal Cave, dark as the Night,
Where Horrour, and dire Miſchief keep their Cells,
Brooding on Midnight Tragedies to come,
I was confin'd, with patience I wou'd bear
The happier Doom, and thank the giving Gods.
Tygr. Oh Heav'ns! is there No pleaſure in a Throne?
To Rule not only Subjects, but their King?
To ſee the bowing Heads, and bended Knees,
The Adoring Crowds that wait your Steps?

Alind.

Alind. Alas! poor ſounding Nothings! only fit to blind
The diſtant Gazers with an Awe of Power,
And keep the Knot of Duty faſt; I ſhou'd
Be tired to hear, and ſee its empty noiſe.

Tygr. Chooſe then throughout my Realms, a Palace fit
To pleaſe, or entertain your Sight: I'll leave
My State, and all the Ornaments of Power
To be your Servant, or your Vaſſal there.

Alind. I wou'd not rob the World of ſuch a Prince,
Yet, if I ſhou'd, you'd ſoon repent the Change.

Tygr. Oh! Never — Never ——

Alind. Yes, to hear me talk
Sad melancholy loving Tales of *Artaban*,
Which I cou'd never help, wou'd grieve you, Sir.

Tygr. By Heav'ns you raiſe
A Fire, nought but his Blood ſhall ever quench;
If all my Empires, Crowns, may be a price
Sufficient for the Purchaſe, I will buy his Fate.

Alind. And mine — They're ſo intwin'd together,
Nor Life, nor Death can make a ſeparation.

Tygr. Will nothing move you? O, e're I Storm, diſplay
The Glorious Banners of your peaceful Eyes;
Speak a ſweet Parley from your Mouth, and bleſs
Me with the ſounds of Peace ——

Alind. I can no more —— [*Going off.*

Tygr. By *Artaban*, I do Conjure you ſtay,
If all my Intereſt can't Intreat, I'll uſe
My Rival's Name, to oblige a parting Look. [*Exit* Alind. Tygr.
But to Enjoy her all my own; gather *Kiſſes her Hand as*
The luſcious Fruit ripe, from the Noble Stock; Artab. *Enters.*
For this y' Gods! give me Expreſſions, which
No Tongue e're ſpoke, or ever Heart conceived.

[Artaban *diſcovers himſelf.*

Art. Hold Sir, you muſt not, dare not harbour ſuch
A thought ſo Impious to another's Right.

Tygr. Why, who art thou ——

Art. His Friend who thou ſo baſely haſt diſſeiz'd,
Great *Artaban* commanded me to tell thee:

Alinda, marke me, never shall be thine.

Tygr. I'd give a Kingdom for that Traytor's Head.

Art. Thou'st tremble at his Sight, turn pale with fear,
Tho' Armies were before thee, Towers thy Shield,
Mountains and Seas your Separation made;
For well thou know'st, he'd force, he'd break, he'd scale,
He'd leap them all, to reach at thee ——

Tygr. Base Miscreant ——
Although thy forfeit Life is in my Power,
Yet will I spare it, that thou mayst go back,
And let him know to morrow is the Day,
I'll in *Alinda*'s Arms, my Bliss compleat.

Art. By all the Gods, you ne'er shall see its light;
'Tis *Artaban* that speaks the Oracle. [*Puts off the Disguise.*

Tygr. Thanks to Almighty Powers thou'rt in my view;

Art. And to my Stars, I've found thee, this blest hour
So oft as I have sought, so oft thou'st fled:
Ignobly, basely hid thy Coward Face,
Amongst the common Rout, that makes thy Guard,
Or led them in their speed to avoid my rage.

Tygr. Proud boasting Man, thou art almost too bad
To fall by any but a Villain's hand,
My Face wou'd wear more Scarlet than my Sword,
Tho cover'd with thy Blood, to take thy Life.

Art. That Life of mine is sacred, placed so high
In the large Throne of Fame; thy little Arm
Can never rise to touch it; as well thou may'st
Great *Jove* in yonder Starry Seat Attempt,
And from his Fellow-Gods, discard him thence,
Battle his Winds, and stand his Thunder-bolts.

Tygr. Draw then, thou proud, thou boasting Fool, and know,
Instead of Bulls, and common Offrings,
Which every poor *Plebeian* Marriage grace,
In thy hot Blood I'll treat the Deities. [*They fight*, Tygr. *falls.*

Art. There lie Revenge; next for my injur'd Love,
That in *Alinda*'s presence, I will meet
And Sacrifice my Life beneath her Feet.

[*Exit*. Art. *one way*, *King Enters the other*.

Tygr.

Tygr. Oh! I am ſlain; Life's tottering burthen ſinks,
And I muſt die without Revenge ——
King. By Heavens thou ſhalt not ——
Oh! he's gone: The Royal Soul is fled,
Looſed from its Cage, to flutter in the Air,
And mount the Noble Manſion of the Skyes.
But thus in Tears I will not mourn thy loſs;
Give order that the City ſhut the Gates,
Search every Houſe, guard every Paſſage,
On pain of Death, to find the Murderer out,
Were he my firſt, my dear'ſt only Son,
Born to Inherit my Imperial Crown,
I wou'd not ſpare him: No, the Wretch ſhou'd die,
Tho all Mankind ſhou'd to his Succour fly ——
Entreating Gods to ſave him, I'd deny. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. Scene, *A Mad-Houſe.*

Enter two Keepers.

1*ſt. Keep.* GO, carry mad Beſs ſome Meat; ſhe roars like Thunder; and d'ye hear, tie the Parſon up: The Moon's in the full, and he has a thouſand Pigs in's Brains.

Enter Lycaſtes.

Lyc. Save you, Gentlemen; was there not a little Boy brought in here lately?

1*ſt. Keep.* Yes, Sir, but for what reaſon Heaven knows; the Boy ſeems to me as much in his Wits as I am.

Lyc. He is ſo, Sir, but the Child is under the Care of an Unhappy Father that is ſtark mad; I have often endeavour'd by force, to bring him to the Colledge of Lunaticks, but cou'd not; therefore I was forced to uſe this Stratagem; for he loves the Boy intirely, and will follow him any whither.

1*st. Keep.* Well, Sir, what of this?

Lyc. Why therefore I ſent the Boy that we might have an opportunity of getting him hither in order to ſecure him.

1*st. Keep.* Oh, Sir, let us alone for that.

Lyc. There is the Child's Brother with him too, Sir, as mad as the Father; therefore I deſire you to take particular care of both, and there's your Entrance-Money, I'll ſee the reſt paid.

1*st.* I'll warrant you, Sir, we have thoſe as mad as he.

Lyc. One thing I had forgot, Sir, when he finds himſelf Trapan'd, he'll almoſt murder the Child; therefore I deſire you'd let me have him with me.

1*st.* With all my heart, Sir; here, bring the Boy that came in laſt.

Enter one with Amadine.

Serv. Here's the Boy, Sir.

1*st.* K. Here Child, here's a Gentleman come to ſet you at liberty.

Amau. As I live *Lycaſtes*, O happy Deliverance!

Lyc. Come my pretty Rogue, your Father's near us; therefore we had beſt make haſt leſt we ſhou'd be ſeen.

1*st.* K. No, no, Sir, never fear that; here Boy, ſhew the Gentleman out at the Back-door.

Lyc. Your Servant, Sir. [*Ex.* Lyc. *and* Amad.

Enter an Engliſh *Madman.*

1*st.* K. Why how now? Who let this *Engliſh* Madman looſe? A Pox on him for coming hither; cou'd he not have kept in his own Countrey.

E. Mad. Give me ſome Drink.

1*st.* K. Give you ſome Halter; there's a great many of your Country-men I'm ſure deſerve it.

E. Mad. Give me a thouſand Pots, come down on your Knees you Rogues and pledge me. One, two, three and four, we ſhall be merry within this hour. [*Exeunt.*

1*st.* K. Go, go lock him up: How now, who comes here?

Enter

Enter Bretton *and* Caſt. *Jun.*

Brett. Save you, ſave you, Sir.

1*ſt.* K. And you, Sir; have you any buſineſs with me?

Caſt. Yes, Sir, we come to look after a Boy and no Boy; a Wife of mine that ſhou'd have been; but as the Stars will have it, I'm like to find nothing of the matter.

1*ſt.* K. Oh, theſe I find are the Gentleman told me of: D'ye hear, go and ſecure their Swords. [*The Servants ſnatch their Swords from their Sides.*

Brett. Why how now, what the Devil do you entertain Thieves in a Mad-Houſe.

1*ſt.* K. Go fetch me a couple of ſtrong Cords——

Caſt. Jun. Cords! What a-Pox, I hope you don't deſign to Hang us for your Robbery?

Enter Servants with Cords.

1*ſt.* K. Go, in the firſt place bind that old Gentleman.

Brett. How, how, bind me? Hark'e, Sirrah, leave prating and bring me the Boy that was ſent in juſt now.

1*ſt.* K. Poor Gentleman, what pity 'tis a Man of his Years ſhould fall under ſuch a Misfortune; d'ye hear, Sir, pray make leſs ſtir, and get you to your Chamber.

Brett. My Chamber! A Pox o' my Chamber; Prithee where's the Boy?

1*ſt.* K. Hark'e, Sir; either go in, and quietly, or we have Whips: Do you hear, Sir, Whips?

Brett. Whips?

1*ſt.* K. Ay, Whips.

Caſt. Jun. Oh Lord, O Lord, what a Mad Puppy was I to come into a Mad-Houſe? 'Tis ten to one but for their diverſion they may whip me too.

1*ſt.* K. Go Laſh him ſoundly.

Brett. Hold, hold, is the Devil in you? I will go in, Sir, I'll go in very civilly; but good Sir, let none of your Tormenters come to me; you have a good-natur'd Face, thoſe Fellows look like Dragons.

1*ſt.* K.

1st. K. Well, Sir, be Civil, and you ſhall have any thing; but for theſe two Days you muſt Eat nothing, 'twill eaſe your Fits, Sir.

Brett. 'Twill ſtarve me, Sir, but I muſt bear it with a Chriſtian Patience. [*They bind him.*

1st. K. Come Sir, now for you; I'll warrant you'll ſay you are not Mad neither; here bring the Whips.

Caſt. Jun. Hold, hold, Sir, you're mightily miſtaken in me; not Mad Sir, alack a-day I'm very Mad; I was Born Mad: Why you ſhall hardly find an *Engliſh* Man madder than I; only there's this difference between us, I know when I'm well, and that I'm ſure they'll never do.

Enter Lyc. Amadine, Ariena.

Lyc. Your Servant, Sir; I muſt intreat you to unbind this Gentlewoman, and pardon me for making you an Inſtrument to procure my Happineſs. This Boy (as you think) is that Old Gentleman's Daughter, whom I have long Loved, and by your induſtrious Care in detaining him, have at laſt Marry'd.

Brett. How, Marry'd!

Am. Yes, Sir, and ask your Bleſſing.

Caſt. Jun. Marry'd! Well, well, I don't care; I'd rather be perſwaded out of my Wife than my Wits: I have been Mad only for a ſmall time, he that Marries, perhaps may be Mad all days of his Life; Much good may do you, I ſay.

Brett. Nay, I dare not be angry; for it ſeems I'm bound to my Good Behaviour: But, Sir, ſince you are pleaſed to make bold with my Daughter againſt my Will, you won't allow me to be Mad without my Knowledge: And tho' your bound your ſelf, pray, Sir, be pleaſed to free me.

Lyc. You have your freedom, Sir.

Brett. And you have my Daughter, Sir.

Lyc. And that Gentleman has the liberty of chooſing where he pleaſes: Ha, ha, ha.

Caſt. Jun. What doſt Laugh at now, doſt know? Why as great a Fool as I am, I an't Marry'd yet, 'Igad I believe your Money can no more keep you from being a Cuckold, than mine can me from being a Fool, as you think me.

Lyc.

Lyc. Ha, ha, ha.

Cast. Jun. Ay, ay, Laugh on, Laugh on, ſome rich Men wear Aſſes Ears, and ſome wear Horns, and 'gad I don't know which is the more ugly ſight o' the two.

Lyc. Sir, I deſire you to accept of this as part of my acknowledgement for the Service you have done me.

1ſt. K. Faith, Sir, I'm very glad 'thas proved to your advantage.

Brett. 'Igad I begin to have a little liking to the buſineſs my ſelf too, for I'm rid of a certain trouble that the Child and that Fool wou'd have brought upon me.

Cast. Jun. So, ſo, I had like to have been made a Madman juſt now, but ſince they failed in that, they're reſolved to make a Fool of me.

Ari. Have you forgot your Niece, Sir, *Ariena*.

Brett. Amadine! What I warrant you had a hand in the Plot too.

Ari. Yes, by my troth.

Brett. No doubt on't, I always thought you'd make me Mad at laſt: But come now let's go, your Servant Landlord that had like to have been.

Cast. Jun. And I will never think I have miſcarry'd,
As long as I can ſay, I am not Marry'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Flat-Palace.*

Enter Thermuſa *and* Eudora.

Ther. The heartleſs King's Inexorable grown,
Nor will he alter his Decree: I ſaw
The dying Ceremonies fixt; the Axe,
The Scaffold, the Proceſſion, Guards, and all
The Curſt Attendants of the Train of Death!
Oh my *Eudora!* Now Night thickens on us;
All its pitchy Clouds, gather apace,
Inveloping my ſight, that I ſcarce ſee
The fatal Path, I tread, yet I muſt on,
And whilſt *Lyſander* Acts his Part, do ours.

Eudor. I ſaw him with your Guards, march toward the Market-Place,
The Seaſon ſuits with our Deſigns.

Ther.

Ther. Let's call the deadly Sisters to our Aid
Hell's rankeſt Monſters, Envy, and Hate
Be Death it ſelf amongſt our Train; Nay, Love,
The worſt when anger'd, of the black Retinue,
And then adviſe who firſt muſt feel our rage.

Eudor. Mercy and Pity baniſh from your Eyes.

Ther. Alas! They're gone for want of room, my Breaſt
Is full of every Manly Vertue now,
And I can ſtrike, where, when, or whom the Fates
Or my own Will, the guide of fate enjoyns.

Eudor. Then, Madam, 'tis the King muſt fall, and next
The Princeſs, by *Memnon* him, and her by me.

Enter Memnon.

Ther. Oh thou my beſt, my Boſom Councellor!
I hold thee near my Heart — And you my Lord
Muſt ſhare it too; 'tis time the Stroke was made;
Why ſhould we keep our Happineſs aloof,
Stand ſhivering near the brink of flow'ring Joys,
When we may plunge into the Depths at once;
My Sword, my Heart, all that is *Memnon*'s, Madam,
Diſpoſe, and order as you pleaſe, I'll fly to obey.

Ther. This binds me to thy Intereſt, this alone,
The high'ſt Token of thy Love, engages more
Than all the formal Oaths, the Tears, the Sighs,
Which Whining poor Romantick Lovers make.

Mem. You add New Courage to my hands, my hopes
Thus wing'd, can mount me above the reach of fears,
Danger, or Death, or any faint Remorſe,
Not an Avenging Angel ſhou'd be more
To ſerve Heaven's Pleaſure, than I'll act for you,
The Goddeſs of my Life, and Heav'n alone.

Eudor. 'Tis then this hour, my Lord, may crown you both,
'T'is time to act; occaſion hates delay,
Stars may tell Tales, and our Deſigns betray.

Mem. Think on the Method, Madam, and 'tis done.

Ther.

Ther. That we'll conſult within, give me your hand;
Thus ſhall we ſhoot the mighty Gulf of Fate,
Eſcape the Shelves, and weather all the Storms,
The Oceon of our Ends ſo dangerous made,
In theſe ſecure, as on the Continent we ſtand,
And may behold the battling Billows war;
Their angry Waves in ſwelling pride ariſe,
As if our ſafety they'd a mind to attack,——
Daſh at our feet, and break their little ſpight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King with the Princeſs at his Knees.

Alien. Oh my dread Lord! cou'd you but ſee my heart,
As you might hear its Cries, the mangled Piece
Bleeding, and torn, twou'd fright, if not affect
Your eyes, to ſome compaſſion —— Oh! relen——
King, Hold thy hands, trouble me no more,
By all the Gods, I will not hear thee — What?
In my own Court, whence I'd Proſcrib'd the Wretch
On Penalty of Life, not only to
Return, but with a Villain's Inſolence
T'attempt to Fight, to Murder my beſt Friend;
Nay, more a Royal Head: By Heav'ns i'll not
Bear this; the Dignity of Monarchs, and the Rules,
The Int'reſt of State, will ne'r admit it.
Leave me, I ſay——
Alien. O Sir, I cannot:——
About your Knees i'll curle theſe Armes, my Tears
Shall waſh their roots, and I will grow ——
For ever here, you ſhall not ſtir, or move ——
Without their burthen. Oh be patient ——
Think what you'r doing, whilſt your anger dooms
The beſt, the braveſt of Mankind to Death;
Think of his Services, his Lawrels, Sir,
His Courage, Fortune, Youth, and Vertues priſe:
And can you yet be cruel? O no! I ſee
The Parent in your eyes; Love ſmiles beneath your Frown:
Send, and recal the fatal Orders,

King, Again—— A way——I am resolved——
Alin. Oh let it be to think——
That if you thus persist, What will become——
Of your unhappy Daughter? You've oft said,
Nay, swore you loved her, *Sir*; And can you see
Her plunged in so much sorrow, welt'ring in pains
Worse then the flames of Sulpher can inflict?
Oh Gods! my Father can't be such a Rock.
King, Unhand me, *I* grow unweildy with thy Weights;
And shall with fury throw thee hence; can'st thou
Take part with any Enemy of mine?
By Heav'ns you'd make a Woman of me,
Bring down my Purposes t'obey your Will,
My Interest, turn and vere, as you shall sigh:
Nay, all my Reason in your Tears immerge;
By all my Pow'r you shall not; *I'll* by *Phraates* still,
Lord of myself, and your pitie shall ne'r
Stagger my mind, my soul's above its cry,
'Tis Justice moves me, and the *Slave* shall die. [*Exit the* King, *leaves*
Alind. Oh, help me Gods! *Alind. on the ground.*
I cry, yet 'tis in vain, your ears, your eyes
Are deaf, and blind, to poor *Alinda*'s prayers:
Oh barbarous Father, cruel King, curst Stars,
That influence thus my Fate——
O passion! tame thy follies, bate thy tears,
Why are these needless Off'rings made?
To woes like thine, thy Life can only be
Their proper *Sacrifice* then die *Alinda*, die—— [*Rises.*
[*The Drums beat a dead March; and Trumpets sound without.*]
Oh Gods! what is't *I* hear? Death's dismal sound;
The fatal March that leads my *Artaban* away,
To take his last farewel of Earth, and me:
Oh! Horror and Distraction to my ears;
My *Artaban*, my *Artaban*, my Lord! [*Raving.*
O mount not yet,——
That fiery Chariot, e're you seat me there,
Placed by your side, we'll travel o're yon Roads,
Those azure Mountains touch, bate with the Stars,

Con-

Contemn the deſpicable World beneath,
And in the ſilver beams of chaſte *Latona*'s night,
We'll find a bed to crown our Nuptial-joys;
But oh! where am *I*? ——

My *Senſes* ſtart; This Cordial-drop which my long jealous fears
Prepar'd for hopeleſs Love, this healing Balm
Shall be my ſovereign Cure. T'out-live my *Artaban*,
*I*s more then all my Woman's ſtrength can bear:
I muſt make haſte, *I* dare no longer ſtay;
Love calls, and the great Summons *I* obey. [*Exit.*

Town, a Scaffold behind the Flat-Palace. The Scene opens, and diſcovers Artaban *led away by a Proceſſion of Guards, bound to a Scaffold, as he is going,* ——

Art. And muſt I ſtill be bound, cruel *Phraates?*
Amidſt thy Guards, do'ſt thou yet fear my Arms,
Theſe naked Arms ſhou'd pull thee from thy Throne?
No.– Sit thee there, I envy not thy Place,
Nor wou'd I chooſe to Live, alas! in Death
What is it makes Men tremble ſo? to me
'Tis welcome as the Harbour to the Seamen,
When Beat and ev'n drove a Wreck to the Shore;
I ſee no Horror in it, but a calm Receſs
From the loud Clamorous Billows which diſturb
The flow's and ebbs of Life, ſure 'tis the Form,
The Manner makes them ſhake; to me 'tis nothing,
I've ſeen it in as diffrent Shapes, as e're
The Eye of Man beheld, nay, this the worſt
I fearl'ſly can view, with the premis'd
Formalities, the Mockeries, the Pomp,
The pageant Infamy of my Fate,
And thus to fall is not my Grief; oh Gods!
You bear me Witneſs that I ſpeak a truth;
Lead on! ——
This is the Pedeſtal by which I mount [*As he aſcends the Scaffold,*
To yond'r Throne of Brightneſs, this the Car
In which as Conquer'rs, to Triumph ride——

I go to meet a Palace in the Stars——
I'm ready to obey your Warrant, *Sir*. [*To the Captain.*
Capt. What ſounds are theſe? [*The Trumpets ſound as from without; enter* Lyſander *and mounts the Stage; the People ſhout a Pardon.*
Art. Who is't I ſee, *Lyſander?*
What's the Meſſage?
Lyſ. 'Tis from the Queen, with which ſhe bids you clear
Your paſſage to *Alinda*'s arms.——
Art. Ha! *Alinda*, ſaidſt thou?
Yes, *I* will live to ſee her——
Capt. Hold your Orders, *Sir*. [*The Capt. oppoſes him; Art. fights clears the Stage, and drives the Guards before him.*
Art. *I* bear them in my hand —

The Scene changes, the King's Apartment.

Enter the King, ſolus.

King, Oh Heavens! what mean theſe Ghoſtly Fear
Why do *I* ſtiffen, as if my Deſtiny
Was drawing on!--- *I* beg for eaſe, and yet
Your loads oppreſs; nay, tho *I* ſtrive to ſhake
You hence, your Darts ſtill goad me;
My pains increaſe; But where's the hidden Wound?
Oh! that's within, a throbbing conſcious Guilt
That ſpight of all Reſolves upbraids me, with
A Life ill-ſpent, diſcovers to my veiw,
The Hiſtory of paſt, and preſent Crimes;
Tells me of Death, of large Accounts to come,
And Puniſhments unknown: What makes you thus
Diſturb me? Why at preſent, when i'm well?
I have not leiſure to contemplate now;
My veins are full of youth, my hands are vigorous,
The ſounding voice of War delights my ears,
Bea'ties bright Charms, yet appetites my eyes,
Avaunt, and when the reverend Marks of Age
My Winter'd Head ſhall ſnow, the Crutch ſupport
My falling ſteps, *I* call you to my thoughts,
Sum up my Farwel-Exit to the World,
And ſink into a Grave of Peace: Oh Gods!

Are

Are you ſtill here? Sure there's ſomething elſe
Than barely Apprehenſion's force in this:
My Soul, by its eternal Beams, ſees more,
Than to the Elements of Senſe ſhe ſpeaks at large,
Pointing the Effects, but never marks the Cauſe.
If I muſt die, Oh all the Powers above
Pronounce my Doom, 'twill be ſome eaſe to know
The utmoſt Malice of my boding Stars.

Enter Thermuſa *as the King ſpeaks.*

Ther. Why is my Lord diſturbed? —

King. I'm feeling for the cauſe,
As Men at Midnight when they've loſt their way,

Ther. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhou'd not know it, Sir, and yet
Let Rebel Fancy ſo uſurp your ſence,

King. 'Tis true, I don't —
Only a miſt of things fits hovering here,
Sad melancholy Thoughts, faint Chymera's,
Such as diſturb our Careful Nights, and creep
In Slumbers to our Brains, flaſhes of Light,
Which ſoon in ſmoaky Shades evaporate,
And nothing leave but ſulphurous ſhine behind.

Ther. 'Tis much beneath you, Sir, to give them head.

King. Thou doſt not know, *Thermuſa*, what a weight
A tainted Conſcience bears; thou'rt Innocent,
Thy Hand unſpotted; Nay, thy Heart is free,
Mine both are deeply plunged in Murtherous Gore.

Ther. Granting they have been ſo; Whence do they now
So terrible appear? —

King. There I'm to ſeek —
But yet as Clouds before a Showers approach,
Ruffle, and Croud thick in a Grove of dark,
Theſe do ſo too, which makes my trembling Heart
Preſage impending dangers near my Head.

Ther. Your vanquiſh'd Spirits like a Coward rout,
Fly, e're they know for what, till tired they'll ſtand
And miſs the cauſe, they rally then again.

King. Oh Empire! had I felt thy weight before,
Ambition to my Arms the burthen bore;

Not

Not all thy glittering Robes, Scepter, or Fame,
Thy boasted Grandeur, and Eternal Name,
Shou'd e're my Soul in such a Scarlet dy'd,
To glut the hunger of thy tow'ring Pride.
Oh! What can wash it white? Rivers and Seas,
Are all too shallow for such Blots as these.
The Watry Element hath not a Flood,
To cleanse the Stain of Paricidial Blood. [*Enter* Memnon *behind*
Oh, I faint— *and stabs him, he falls.*
Upon thy Bosom let me lean a while;
Oh my profetick fears!
Must all my Glories hence their period date?
Are there no bars to stop prevailing fate?
Then down vast Pile, sink to thy funeral Dust,
Your Ruin speaks, th' Almighty Gods are Just. [*Dies.*

Mem. My ready Hands have your Commands perform'd,
And thus I run to clasp my bliss——

Ther. Hold off——

Mem. How, Madam! Have not my Actions purchas'd yet
Your favours?

Ther. They have, and I'll reward them, [*Falls on the Dead Body,*
Guards, seize the Traytor. *as the Guards enter.*
Oh my dear Murther'd Lord——

Mem. Am I betray'd? Then Love I blow thee hence;
Spirit of Hate drawn from the Lees of Nature,
Assist me now, whilst thus I act Revenge— [*Stabs the Queen,*
Ther. Curst Villain! *Guards seize him.*
But thus thou shalt not brag thy Treachery,
Bear him away, and let the Murderer taste
The subtil'st Pains e're tortur'd Wretch yet felt,
Worse than the Damn'd partake, or Devils invent.

Mem. They're Merciful to thee, nor shall I find,
In Hell a Fury worse than Womankind. [*Carry'd off by the Guards.*

Enter Artaban, Lysander *and Guards.*

Art. What is the meaning of this Scene of Horrour.

Queen. Oh *Artaban*! E're to the Shades of everlasting Night
My Soul its Journey makes. Hear me,
must be short my Summons calls me hence;
ove was the cause of this, and Love to thee,

Thou

Thou beſt, thou moſt deſerving of Mankind;
For thee, Great *Phraates* fell by my Command;
For thee, I met my Fate by *Memnon*'s hand;
Alinda was the next that muſt have fell;
Forgive me, and my Death will prove a Bleſſing. [*Dies.*

Art. Alinda! Was ſhe meant a Sacrifice?
What barbarous hand wou'd crop ſo ſweet a Flower?
But Oh, her very Name has chill'd my Blood:
Lyſander, my kind deareſt beſt of Friends,
If thou woud'ſt have me Live, Conduct me to her.

Enter Emillia.

Emill. Oh, Sir, this Scene of horrour you behold,
Comes ſhort of what muſt follow your poor *Alinda.*

Art. Ha! my heart bodes horrour.

Em. Deny'd your Life by her remorſeleſs Father,
In wild Deſpair ſhe took a fatal Draught,
That will with racking Torments end her Life.

Art. Oh Gods! my fears prove true.

Enter Alinda *led by two Women.*

Alin. I burn, I burn, I'm all one Funeral Pile;
A flaming Bolt ſhoots thro' my hiſſing Veins;
Not as young *Phaeton*'s Wheels that drove the
Sun and ſet the World on Fire,

Art. Why was I born
To ſee this Day! What will the Gods do with me.

Alin. Oh for a Rock of Ice, a Bed of Snow
To lull my pains, and huſh my ſleeping Feaver:
Here, take me quick, throw me into the Sea,
Pour Oceans o're me, Plunge me, Sink me, Drown me,
If all the Waters of the Deep can quench
My blazing Mines of Fire.

Art. No pittying God!
No aiding Power to drop theſe lovely Ruines.

Alin. Stand off, and let me go, I'll mount the Pole,
Drive round the Northern Wain, and freeze to a Star.
Oh 'tis a Glorious Chariot, ha, ha, ha.
Sherumna, *Phraates*, *Artaban*, look there,
Yonders my Love, Oh 'tis a fine old Gentleman.

See how the Grizly Froſt, and Reverend Iſicles
Hang on his hoary Beard a front of Snow,
Soft as the Down of Doves, and Cool as Charity.

Art. Anſwer my aking Heart, ſpeak Life my Faireſt.

Alin. Nay, I have choice of Lovers, if that old dull
Winter Fool don't like me, he has a Rival
Will be more kind, kind Death: Yes, he'll be
Kind indeed; no angry Kings will hinder me
From his Embracing Arms; he has a Nuptial-Bed
Prepar'd for poor *Alinda*.

Art. Sweeteſt Innocence.
Yet ſpeak to thy mourning *Artaban*.

Alin. Ha, my dear *Artaban*, and art thou come,
To hand thy poor *Alinda* to her Grave?
'Tis kind, 'tis wondrous kind; but how more kindly
Had our Stars ſmil'd, might I have Liv'd, my
Artaban! What a long thouſand thouſand Years of Love
Which thoſe dear Arms had given me, have I loſt!
But I am not ſo poor; what Earth has robb'd me off,
The Gods will give me back: There we ſhall meet
No Rival Queens, nor Tyrant Fathers part us,
There I ſhall mount to everlaſting Joys,
To Love Heaven and *Artaban*. [*Dies.*

Art. She's Dead, ſhe's Dead, that Soveraign of my Soul
Has left the World and me; and dares this Traytor,
This Rebel heart out-live the fatal Blow?
No; Love's fair Martyr, thou haſt reacht Heaven before me;
But thus I'll poſt to follow thee. [*Falls on his Sword.*
The Eternal Gardians [illegible] no Tyrant's Sword
Shall cut theſe [illegible] of Love: Ah my *Alinda*,
I'll find the one [illegible] bleſt Walk above:
In that laſt Path [illegible] Love can never ſtray,
Thy own bright Beams, fair Saint, ſhall light thy way.

Caſt. Sen. Farewel, young Heros: Was ever Faithful Pair like this?
When theſe
Laſt Wounds the Seals of Truth and Love they give,
How have they Dy'd, to ſhew us how to Live.

FINIS.